Something for the Arts *Michael Straight*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 13, 1965, 35 cents

White Paper on Vietnam

What Does It Prove?

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DISSENT

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We started Dissent *in 1954, when it seemed to us that too many intellectuals were caving in before McCarthyite pressure or succumbing to Eisenhower torpor. We felt there had to be in the U.S. a clear voice for democratic radicalism. We dissented from the common assumption that the Cold War was a holy crusade; or that America, having solved its social problems, was entering an era of blessed "moderation" (in our pages you could have found much solid material about American poverty long before the subject became fashionable). We also had unfinished intellectual business to reconsider critically the ideas of democratic socialism, without veering into dogmatics or blending into the establishment.*

No institution supports us, none controls us. A group of intellectuals, labor people and students edits Dissent *(about 100 pages per issue). Our circulation is small but growing; our deficit large but growing. No one gets paid: it's an old-fashioned labor of love and conviction.*

On some immediate issues, like medicare, we agree with liberals like The New Republic *editors. But as a quarterly our main emphasis can't be topical; it is with the deeper, long-range trends of politics and society. We believe that a fundamental restructuring of society is needed, toward democratic planning, communal participation and humane values. We're intransigent enemies of all brands of totalitarianism, whether "right" or "left"—we want free speech both in Berkeley and Havana, and oppose those who care to have it only in one place.*

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Our editors include Michael Harrington, Meyer Schapiro, Norman Mailer, Lewis Coser. Among our writers are Paul Goodman, Harvey Swados, George Lichtheim, Paul Jacobs.

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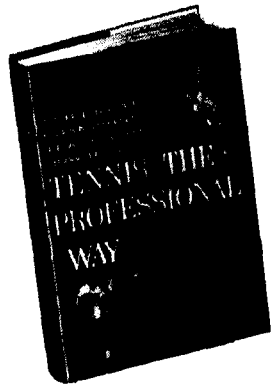

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Bombing in Vietnam

★ There is no hysteria in Washington; there is little name-calling. Like a jack lifting a tire the Vietnam war slowly escalates. "Advisers" and "training flights" are out: now we bomb on both sides of the border.

Congress backs the President. Republicans go along, after carefully explaining that they favor a tougher line.

After dinner, with a drink, when the commercials are over you can listen to reports of the bombings. Emotions are mixed: satisfaction but also the uncertainty of helplessness. Women and children bombed, too? Sad, of course, but necessary! There is a comfortable subconscious feeling that US bombs don't really kill women and children. Some of the uneasiness would disappear if the President explained things. There has been no formal press conference at which he has been directly asked, "Why are we in Vietnam?" Formal press conferences are out.

Writers praise the President for not spelling out his plans; it keeps the Communists anxious and guessing. If this were London, now, there would be collective responsibility in the Cabinet. We put it all on one man; the issue of peace and war. It makes it hard to criticize him, poor fellow; think of the strain he is under. . . .

The theory is that we are bombing to force negotiation. There are four "ifs" to success: will Moscow come in; will Peking come in; will North Vietnam start its 300,000-man army south; will South Vietnam hold together? Basic dispute – Is Saigon's weakness really due to external Communist pressure, or to lack of internal cohesion?

This column tries to be reasonably honest. In this situation we frankly don't know the answers. Suppose one of the "ifs" goes wrong, what then? Who will first urge a little teensy-weensy nuclear bomb? Senator Strom Thurmond (R, S.C.) told a Legion group here last week that the US should not preclude a "preemptive nuclear strike." It's the logical next step, he said.

White House reports of Mr. Johnson's thin-skinned irritation with critical Democratic Senators sit very badly. Others twit Walter Lippmann, who disapproves of our Vietnam involvement, with being a "neo-isolationist." Well, we discern a swing of the pendulum; a growing "inward look" in the United States. Our troops are now stationed in 30 countries; we are pledged to defend 42; we are extending aid, in one form or another, to nearly 100. Can one not wonder if we are over-extended, without being an "isolationist"? It is the ideological determination of Dulles and the hard-liners to fight Communism in every corner of the globe while attacking critics as "appeasers" that has pushed us toward becoming a kind of global policeman.

The Anti-City Drive

★ Desperate opponents of the Supreme Court's "one-man-one-vote" ruling are now mobilizing in Congress for their supreme counterattack. Some students think this decision will rank in history higher even than that on civil rights. It is creating a revolution in American politics. It is redressing the balance between the states and the cities in a nation now 70 percent urban.

The opponents of one-man-one-vote don't hope to reverse the Court altogether. They do hope to push through the Dirksen constitutional amendment that would stop the reform half way: it would permit each state to decide whether one of the two legislative bodies could be apportioned on a basis of something other than people – cows, maybe, or acres.

Basic objective is to maintain conservative vetoes over the proliferating city people. Don't think the drive is hopeless. Just before Congress adjourned last summer the House angrily enacted a proposal to strip federal courts of power to review apportionment cases. Similarly, the Senate passed a "sense of Congress" resolution urging courts to go slow. Adjournment blocked both moves. Now the anti-urban drive has started in the last big effort.

It gets powerful support in the current issue of *Reader's Digest*. The *Digest* reaches 30 million people, and its reprints number a million a month. Reo M. Christenson, political scientist at Miami University, Ohio, studiously analyzes the *Digest* in the *Columbia Journalism Review* (Winter issue, 1965; $1.75, Columbia University, N.Y.).

Mr. Christenson says the ably-edited *Digest* since 1944 has "published more than 300 articles" playing variations on the theme that "federal power is a menace to the liberties of every American, great and small." He says the *Digest* "beyond cavil . . . is staunchly Republican." He does not criticize it for that, but says that teachers who use it in schools should warn their students "of its bias, its partisanship, and the dubious character of its reporting on the Washington scene." It never publishes letters of rebuttal, he complains.

Well, the *Digest* shouldn't mind. Its publishers just got the highest award of the patriotic Freedom Foundation, for their "continuing fight for the freedom and dignity of every individual." In the current article, the magazine mobilizes the attack against the federal one-man-one-vote heresy.

Basically, the target is the city. Goldwater didn't like cities either, you remember. Nasty, polyglot places! White, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon Republicans live in tranquil towns and villages, or maybe on farms. For generations farm-dominated state legislatures have kept the hateful cities in check.

But now? Unless curbed, "America's sprawling urban areas will call the shots," the article says, "up and down the land." Let the cities rule, says the article, and you have "pressure mounting for more state funds for urban renewal, relief cases and public housing."

Yes, and worse than that, say earnest *Digest* authors, carry the one-man-one-vote rule into effect and you may have "legislatures under the raw control of metropolitan vote-getting machines." Shudder! We certainly don't want our control "raw"; give us rural control every time, medium rare.

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The White Paper

CONTENTS

THE WEEK – The White Paper, Not for Attribution . . ., New Housing Start? 5

Who's Fit To Serve?
– *James Ridgeway* 9
Something for the Arts
– *Michael Straight* 11
Automation, Printers and Publishers
– *Richard Severo* 16

BOOKS – *Reviews by Bernard B. Fall, Joseph Epstein, and a poem by John Updike* 17
FILMS *by Stanley Kauffmann* 22
CORRESPONDENCE 26

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The best that can be said about the State Department's White Paper on Vietnam is that it is entirely unconvincing. The worst is that it is contradictory, illogical and misleading. It has a desperate purpose: to prepare the moral platform for widening the war. The bombs which US and South Vietnamese attackers hurled at North Vietnam last week were probably being loaded as the White Paper was distributed in Washington. Still, American sensibilities demand some small assurance that precipitous acts of war spring not from blind frustration but from considered judgment. The White Paper attempts to prove that escalation is the only reasonable response to a war which is quite simply a case of "flagrant aggression" by North Vietnam.

Not even the North Vietnamese would deny that they have given the Communist Viet Cong in the South some measure of military aid and moral support. It is hard enough to find a purely "civil" war in history, and increasingly in this century internal conflicts are attended by international kibitzers on all sides – in the Congo, the Yemen, and Cuba no less than in Vietnam. But the State Department is out to prove much more than meddling: North Vietnam, it says, "has used every resource of its own government to carry out its carefully planned program of concealed aggression. North Vietnam's commitment to seize control of the South is no less total [equally total? or more total?] than was the commitment of the regime in North Korea in 1950." Then begins a "summary of the massive evidence of North Vietnamese aggression," in 64 chart-filled and picture-padded pages.

All the State Department's Himalayan labor has brought forth a mouse of an argument. The first conclusion made is that North Vietnamese infiltrators make up the bulk of the Viet Cong forces, and 19 "cases" are cited as proof, complete with photographs of the men, their military history and dramatic narrative ("Then the more than 300 men began walking to the south. . . . They marched by day, rested at night."). But of the 19 infiltrators, 16 are South Vietnamese natives who were returning to their homeland, one is unidentified by place of birth, and only two are North Vietnamese. All were captured in either 1962 or 1963, although the White Paper can't be that outdated; it contains other material about three weeks old. In a very short section which appears to be an afterthought, six more infiltrators of North Vietnamese origin are named, without photographs or military history. They provide the only evidence for the Paper's contention that "as many as 75 percent of the more than 4,400 Viet Cong

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who are known to have entered the South in the first eight months of 1964 were natives of North Vietnam."

Figures are given to support the State Department's claim that "infiltrators from the North – allowing for casualties – make up the majority of the so-called hard-core Viet Cong." But the White Paper conspicuously ignores its own advice; it does not allow for casualties among the 19,500 "confirmed" and 17,550 "estimated" infiltrators of the past five years. Allowing for the generally accepted Viet Cong casualty rate of 50 percent, half of the infiltrators must be removed from battle each year. In the hard-core Viet Cong force of 35,000 and the full "army" of 115,000, that leaves a current total of only 4,200 "confirmed" and perhaps 3,300 more "estimated" infiltrators – of whom perhaps fewer than half are native North Vietnamese.

But the State Department would have it both ways: even if careful readers of the White Paper should discover that North Vietnamese aid the Viet Cong in roughly the same proportion that Americans aid the government troops, they are assured that mere numbers are unimportant. The infiltrators are as tough as tigers, and 10 feet tall. "The infiltration of 5,000 guerrilla fighters in a given year is the equivalent of marching perhaps 50,000 regular troops across the border," cautions the State Department. Though the Viet Cong fights against all the State Department holds dear, neither napalm in the South nor bombs in the North seems to shake its determination. What the White Paper does not explain is the stubborn courage and tenacity of the Viet Cong of whatever provenance or hardness of core, year after year, for none of the usual rewards and against staggering odds of survival.

The second conclusion the White Paper draws is that war matériel from North Vietnam and its Communist-bloc allies is pouring into the South. The Paper is crowded with photographs of weapons, like a mail-order catalogue, to bring home the full impact. But the long inventory of all Communist-made weapons captured from the Viet Cong in an 18-month period from June, 1962, to January 29, 1964, includes only 22 crew-served weapons (mortars, recoilless rifles, etc.) and 155 smaller arms, hardly enough to equip one of the 139 Viet Cong companies. These weapons could have come from anywhere, including Alexandria, Virginia, where a private arms supplier lists almost all of the items mentioned. Communist weapons captured from the Egyptians by Israeli soldiers in 1956 turn up regularly on the open market, in enough quantities to allow any government to prove Communist involvement in the rebellion of its choice.

Before it became necessary to deny the existence of a civil war in South Vietnam, American military men admitted that about 80 percent of the Viet Cong's weapons were unwittingly supplied by the US, by loss, theft, or sale by enterprising South Vietnamese. It now appears that the experts were wrong; if only 177 foreign weapons could be found in Viet Cong hands in 18 months, the enemy must be 99 percent equipped with American matériel. Obviously no believable case for a claim of massive arms infiltration could be built on the official list in the White Paper, even stretched as it is by the inclusion of every bullet, mess kit and pair of socks. And so, quite providentially, a larger supply of infiltrated arms was found in a sunken North Vietnamese junk in a Southern harbor, just as the White Paper was being prepared. In the annals of mystery ships, this one poses a fine puzzle. Perhaps the combined US and South Vietnamese naval patrols are more inefficient than is usually conceded, but the ship was the first encountered in the history of the war. In any case, it hardly merits the full-throated treatment afforded by the White Paper. The ship was about the size of a Coast Guard cutter, or slightly larger than the original *Santa Maria*, carrying about one-seventieth of the tonnage of a standard World War II Liberty Ship. In relation to the amount of arms supplied regularly to the South Vietnamese by the US, its supply was insignificant.

The White Paper fails to sustain its two major contentions, that there is a large, militarily crucial infiltration of both men and matériel from Hanoi. It also fails to make its political points. The State Department claims that hostilities in South Vietnam began in 1959, as "a brutal campaign of terror and armed attack inspired, directed, supplied and controlled by the Communist regime in Hanoi." But it was the late President Diem's abolition of the elected village councils in 1956 which made South Vietnam a true dictatorship and alienated a sizable proportion of the population. In response, the rebellion began early in 1957. It is still an ugly war. According to the White Paper, the Viet Cong killed 1,359 civilians last year. According to our allies the South Vietnamese, and not reported in the White Paper, the US kills about 20,000 villagers and volunteers every year, largely by napalm bombing. The White Paper cites as evidence of North Vietnamese involvement a report of the International Control Commission for Vietnam, which criticized Hanoi's activities in June, 1962. The Paper does not include Item 20 of the Commission's report, however, which charges both the US and South Vietnam with violating the 1954 Geneva Agreement on Indochina. Nor does it mention the Commission's reported criticism on February 13 of American attacks on North Vietnam, which were called unjustified. The Paper destroys all credibility when it selects those findings of the Commission which seem to help its case, and then ignores those which contradict it.

To misunderstand the war in Vietnam is to condemn

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the US to dishonor, defeat or worse. The White Paper repeats the misunderstandings of the last six years, and compounds them with deception. It is no good pretending that there is no civil war in progress in South Vietnam, and that the whole bloody business would end if North Vietnam would "leave its neighbor alone." There is no point in maintaining the fiction that the US is involved "at the request of the people of South Vietnam," as the White Paper does. There is no democratic way for the people of South Vietnam to express themselves – Diem and his successors have seen to that. If asked, and they will not be, the people of South Vietnam would doubtless want to send everyone away, Americans, Viet Cong regulars and North Vietnamese. The White Paper says that this war is not like any others; that is true, and banal. Like all of the guerrilla wars of our generation, this one cannot be settled one way or the other by military action. The White Paper cannot change a complex political conflict into a simple case of aggression over a border.

Not for Attribution . . .

Some scores of journalists were asked by telephone on Friday night, February 26, to drop by the State Department Saturday morning, to pick up a document called "Aggression from the North: The Record of North Vietnam's Campaign to Conquer South Vietnam," and to attend a briefing on it by a government spokesman. In Room 2113, the office of the State Department's news division, the journalists were handed a bulky mimeographed document that was dated February 26 but also had on its cover, "For Release at 6:00 p.m. EST Saturday February 27. Not to be Previously Published, Quoted From, or Used in Any Way." After a quick glance the correspondents, who read *The New York Times* as a necessary part of their job, realized they had read all the juicy bits in that morning's *Times*.

An official of the news division said the government spokesman would give the briefing in Room 1912. Room 1912, in another part of the building, was a big conference room, with a lecture platform and rows of comfortable chairs. The correspondents sat down and began reading "Aggression from the North" while awaiting the government spokesman. The Contents said they would find a Conclusion on page 74, but "Aggression from the North" had only 71 pages, and there were 9 appendices missing as well as the Conclusion. Page 5 was blank, except for the word "(Map)" and a caption saying, "This map shows the infiltration route from North Vietnam to the South followed by VC Sergeant Hyunh Van Tay and a group of North Vietnamese Army officers and men in September 1963. Tay was captured during an engagement in Chuong Thien Province in April 1964." At the foot of page 8 it said, "(Insert picture of Maj. Dan on this page)," and in the middle of page 12 it said, "(Insert picture of Thao)." One or two journalists wondered aloud if it was a do-it-yourself press kit, and if they ought to start coloring in Major Dan and Thao by themselves, or wait for the government spokesman.

Other correspondents were reading in the document about Tran Quoc Dan, Nguyen Thao, and Nguyen Truc. They were infiltrators sent from the North into the South, who had soon realized from talking with the local people that what they had heard in the North about conditions in the South was wrong, so they had defected. Some correspondents wondered if the way to handle infiltrators was to send defectors back North to tell the rest of the people there how wrong they were about the South. But most thought the one honest man in the document was Nguyen Hong Thai, a defector who explained that he had begun to be depressed by "combat conditions and the rigors of guerrilla life."

"Aggression from the North" had its own description of life in the South. It said, "The military and insurgency situation was complicated by a quite separate internal political struggle within South Vietnam which led in November 1963 to the removal of the Diem government and its replacement with a new one. Effective power was placed in the hands of a Military Revolutionary Council. There have been a number of changes in the leadership and composition of the government in Saigon in the ensuing period." Most of the journalists thought this too bald and almost as misleading as what the infiltrators from the North were told about the South.

Reading on, they learned that the infiltrators sometimes carry "a small knife that can inject poison into the body of a victim," and that they get their instructions over the official government radio in Hanoi, which sends them their orders "in veiled code." This puzzled the journalists who read on another page of the document that infiltration groups are issued "a set of black civilian pajama-like clothes, two unmarked uniforms, rubber sandals, a sweater, a hammock, mos-

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quito netting and waterproof sheeting." No radios.

The State Department's spokesman turned up, looking remarkably like his brother in the White House, and asked the journalists not to name him in their stories, though he would answer their questions.

"Bill," a journalist asked him, "why is this document marked for release at six o'clock tonight when it was in the *Times* this morning?"

The spokesman said stiffly that somebody's ethical standards were "different from mine, and I hope from yours."

"Bill," another journalist asked, tactfully changing the subject, "why does it say in the second paragraph of the introduction to 'Aggression from the North' that the war in Vietnam is 'a new kind of war'?"

The spokesman said there had been a steady rise in the number of infiltrators but he agreed it was "not a quantum jump." Someone asked what a quantum was. Looking more than ever like his brother, the spokesman told him.

Another correspondent wanted to know why the document finished on page 71, before the Conclusion and the appendices, and where was the missing map? The spokesman had a man from the news division explain that the mimeograph that the journalists had been given was incomplete and that a full, printed version would be ready for them after the spokesman finished.

The correspondents were curious about the 81-millimeter mortars that the Viet Cong are now using. They asked if these were American mortars that the Viet Cong had captured. The spokesman said they were "Chinese-made copies of American weapons." The journalists wondered how he knew that. He said the Viet Cong had 130 81-millimeter mortars, and the Americans in Vietnam had lost only 16, so obviously the Viet Cong's mortars couldn't all be ones they had captured. He added that nothing like a majority of Viet Cong weapons were captured weapons, and the Viet Cong were becoming increasingly dependent on shiploads of arms from outside, as they switched to more sophisticated weapons of larger caliber. However, he admitted that the Viet Cong in spite of their bigger, more sophisticated weapons seldom hurtled themselves against the South Vietnamese and American forces at even battalion strength.

Finally, a journalist asked what the document meant when it said that the US would continue necessary measures of defense against aggression from North Vietnam, "until the regime in Hanoi decides to halt its intervention in the South, or until effective steps are taken to maintain peace and security in the area."

"Bill," asked the correspondent, "what is that 'or' about?"

The spokesman said he wouldn't elucidate it. "It is policy, and so has to stand on its own bottom."

As he got up to go, one correspondent remarked that "Aggression from the North" stood on its own bottom as far as he was concerned.

Alex Campbell

New Housing Start?

Home building plays so large a part in the economy that a really big housing program could certainly provide a lot of the new jobs – well over a million each year – that are going to have to be created just to prevent unemployment topping the disgraceful existing figure of 3.7 million people. Unhappily, housing programs have to date conspicuously failed to wipe out slums or make perceptible inroads into unemployment, and there are ominous indications that the construction industry, which has a poor record of stability, may be about to go into one of its periodic declines. The President sent Congress a housing message last week which if acted on could give building a shot in the arm, in the form of rent subsidies and other federal devices. It remains to be seen if Congress will accept them, and whether in that case they will prove in practice to be the breakthrough on the housing front that has been sought so long and so far in vain. Doubters are not lacking. *The New York Times* complained that the message's "John Philip Sousa prose" served "only to introduce a penny-whistle program." Perhaps the *Times* was unfair, but the shape of what may conceivably be the beginning of a large-scale housing campaign is vague enough to provoke plenty of "yes, but – " questions.

The Federal Housing Administration has helped provide homes for the minutest fraction – about .7 percent – of those whose incomes are under $4,000 a year. It has helped finance the building of 85 percent of the dwellings of families with annual incomes of $6,500 and over. The poor, and the near poor, have not benefited nearly enough from its ministrations.

President Johnson proposes federal rent subsidies to families earning between $4,000 and $6,500 a year – the group that is too rich to get into public housing (and wouldn't want to) and too poor to take advantage of low-interest housing loans, and which inhabits almost a quarter of the country's 11 million substandard dwelling units. Whether rent subsidies unaccompanied by rent control will assist the families, or the builders and the landlords, is one of the questions the message provokes; others include, will rent subsidies put an end to city ghettoes or fortify them, how many new houses will actually be built, can a worthwhile program get under way in time to check the fall in housing starts, and what about the real poor?

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Who's Fit To Serve?

by James Ridgeway

The idea that psychiatrists and psychologists may one day be of some real use to employers in selecting people for jobs is an interesting possibility. Already private industry apparently is quite beside itself over psychological tests that spot talented men who might be turned into executives. And the federal government has a number of programs in this general line.

Perhaps the most tightly constructed is the Defense Department's Human Reliability Program, a scheme to make sure men working around nuclear weapons don't go berserk and blow up the place. The program began in the Air Force and was stimulated in part by General LeMay, who, in 1960, was about to board his plane at SAC headquarters when he noticed someone had crudely carved his initials on the door. It was only the guard; but the Air Force suddenly began to wonder what that guard might have done had he wanted to wreck the plane. The Air Force looked further, and uncovered instances of bizarre behavior. Air Police sometimes got jittery about Communists lurking in the shadows and shot at one another; one guard who hurt himself on a plane, got even by putting rocks in its jet intakes. There was the classic case of the American sergeant in England who went off the deep end by pulling out his .45 and threatening to shoot it into a nuclear bomb.

As a result of such discoveries, "emotional checks" have been run on more than a quarter of a million men in the Air Force alone; the Human Reliability Program now is operative throughout the Defense establishment for men who come in contact with nuclear weapons or know enough to make trouble at nuclear stations. Before a man can be assigned he is given a close medical examination and, on the basis of this or any other dubious information included in his records, he may be sent to a psychiatrist. The commanding officer keeps a close eye on men once they are on the job, and to a lesser degree they can keep watch on each other. Should anyone show the slightest indication of emotional distress, he is sent to a doctor who in turn can quickly get the man into the hands of a psychiatrist. At sick call, doctors are alerted to men on nuclear duty by red tabs on their medical records; they are given special attention, to detect signs of emotional duress. The commanding officer makes the final decision on whether to keep a man or transfer him out of the unit; and he, of course, is expected to base his judgment on psychiatric information, but also on the individual's actual working experience.

Several thousand men have been transferred to less nerve-wracking duty as the result of the program; and in working up the scheme, psychiatrists have got the military to institute various innovations at nuclear stations to help ensure that people who become aberrational won't cause grief. For instance, men on certain duty in special "no lone" zones are required to move about in pairs. The idea is for each man to make sure his partner won't suddenly crack up and do something terrible. Not long ago, high-ranking officers (colonels and some generals) were included in this screening process when one of them was discovered to be an excessive drinker.

There have been sporadic efforts to get psychiatrists and psychologists to help the government screen out people who might go crazy before they are sent overseas. This is partly for the individual's own good, and because the government lavishes money on training for such personnel; if a person goes mad, the cash is down the drain and might create an embarrassing incident for the government as well. In 1958, the US Information Agency set up a plan whereby an applicant for a position abroad would see a psychiatrist in two sessions and meet once with a psychologist; their reports would be reviewed in the personnel office along with those from security; and a decision taking them all into account would be made. The program ran into heavy congressional opposition and was killed in 1960. The Peace Corps screens all its volunteers during training by means of psychological tests, although it makes clear that a poor test result only acts as an alerting signal to the training staff to watch an individual more closely. One can't be disqualified from the Peace Corps for failing a psychological test alone.

Byron Scott, a Washington lawyer, recently complained to the District of Columbia Bar Association that he knew of cases where the government used medical examinations, including those of a psychiatric nature, as a ruse to get rid of employees it otherwise would be stuck with. An agency, he said, would pressure an employee to go to the US Public Health Service for a physical examination to see whether he was "fit for service." Should an employee balk at making the trip, he would be threatened with losing his job for insubordination. At the PHS he might be required to

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see a psychiatrist. Once such a visit was recorded on an employee's record it became a stigma. The PHS examination often would result in the suggestion that the employee apply for retirement for physical disability. If the employee refused to cooperate, the agency would file an application with the Civil Service Commission for involuntary retirement. And the employee would be given a choice of three different government doctors who would make a final examination.

Scott claims the government can't force an employee to see a doctor if he doesn't want to. But Joseph Campbell, the controller general, told the Civil Service Commission there was ample authority in existing statutes to order an employee to take such an exam.

Who Is Emotionally Disturbed?

Psychiatrists who hire out to the government need to take care what sort of program they get involved in, lest they end up making themselves and their profession look foolish. Infrequently the State Department requests employees it believes to be emotionally disturbed to see a psychiatrist, but there have been some complaints about the way the Department's consulting psychiatrist dispatches these cases. As a recent case illustrates, one 25-minute interview with a psychiatrist can mean the difference between holding a job in the Foreign Service or losing it.

A young lady gave this account of her experience: she worked in the Foreign Service as a secretary at a US embassy in Latin America. In 1963 she quit this job to return to Washington to help get her mother settled down in a new house. A year later she reapplied to the Foreign Service which soon assigned her to a West European capital.

During her Latin American tour, the girl had suffered periodically from shortness of breath and lost a good deal of weight as well. She had attributed this to the humid climate which brought on bouts with an allergy she had experienced before. However, on return to Washington she regained weight; the shortness of breath disappeared and when she went to see a State Department doctor for a routine medical examination shortly before departing for Europe, she felt fine. However, on reviewing her experience in Latin America, the doctor suggested she might be suffering from an emotional disorder. He asked the woman to see the State Department's consulting psychiatrist, which she did. The psychiatrist sat for a few moments reading the medical report, then abruptly asked her whether she was married. The girl replied she was not. "That's because you don't want to leave your mother," she remembers him saying. No, she had replied, that was not the case, she had not met anyone she wanted to marry. The psychiatrist then said he felt she was upset emotionally and ought to take a battery of psychological tests. The girl demurred, saying she felt perfectly happy and well, and only wanted to be on her way to the new job in Europe. Thereupon, the psychiatrist got his secretary on the telephone, said "Miss X is giving us trouble," and directed her to arrange for the tests.

Protesting at this sort of treatment, the girl went along to see the psychologist who administered the tests. On looking them over, she refused to answer a good many questions on the grounds they had nothing to do with her ability to perform her work and because they seemed to her a pointless prying into her personal life. At the time, the psychologist asked the girl if she realized that her refusal to answer questions might affect her medical clearance. She replied that this was a chance she would take. The medical division did disqualify her, but because plans were so far advanced for her going to Europe the State Department permitted her to go for an abbreviated stay. But to continue in the Foreign Service, she would need to meet the requirements of the medical division. She resigned instead.

The girl had held all along that if the State Department really wanted to inquire into her ability to live and work abroad, they could get a much clearer picture from reports her superiors sent in. (These indicated she was getting along and doing the job well.) Or they could talk with people with whom she had worked. She believed the State Department doctors had seized on a minor ailment she had long suffered and turned it around into a psychological defect that, in effect, was used to ruin her career. Recently a private physician found her well except for a slight anemic condition, which he told her would have accounted for the loss of weight in Latin America. This possibility apparently did not occur to the State Department doctor, she says.

One of the psychological tests this girl particularly objected to was the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI). This is a widely used questionnaire, developed in 1942, to probe out possible mental defects. It immediately puts off people who are made to take it as part of a job-screening process, by demanding true or false answers to such statements as "There is something wrong with my sex organs," or "I dream frequently about things that are best kept to myself." Psychologists maintain that these questions are harmless in themselves. They are interested only in the way an individual answers a series of related questions. The test's 500-odd questions are supposed to result in answers which are scaled to indicate the sort of mental illness the patient is subject to, and how severely he may suffer from it.

But the test is notoriously unreliable, and what it

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means apparently is anybody's guess. For example, the MF (masculine-feminine scale) of the MMPI has been used to spot homosexuals and persons with homosexual tendencies. Yet when the inventory was administered to a number of imprisoned men, all of whom were known homosexuals, it failed to identify them as such. On the other hand, men who enjoy women, but who have the misfortune to possess above-normal intelligences and to pursue various aesthetic interests (such as reading poetry), may well signal the tester that he is dealing with a "queer."

Psychologists bicker interminably among themselves over the MMPI because the questions are so vague no one seems able to agree what the answers mean.

If a test measures what it purports to measure, then psychologists consider it valid. But in the case of the MMPI, interpretations depend a good deal on the person making them. For instance, in a 1959 experiment four clinical psychologists were asked to make a diagnosis based on their evaluation of various psychological test results. For the experiment, several hospital patients were recruited. Some were hospitalized for psychiatric ills; others for physical ailments. One 25-year-old man took the MMPI. The four psychologists read the results and they all agreed there was something badly wrong with this fellow, but they couldn't agree on what it was. In fact, the man was in the hospital for physical injuries suffered in a motorcycle accident and was otherwise "normal." Nor was this an isolated instance of psychologists tying themselves in tangled knots when they used this test as a diagnostic tool.

Although the MMPI's publisher, Psychological Corporation, recommends against using the test as an employment-screening device, a number of government agencies, including the Peace Corps, insist on doing so anyway. (The Peace Corps, however, may soon drop it.) The test is seldom used by private industry, which knows it can be easily fooled and that it is a poor guide to how an employee will actually perform. Indeed, there is a rather considerable body of opinion that suggests other such tests may be useful to clinical psychologists in their study of the mind, but of very little value in personnel work.

Something for the Arts

Cultural Life in a Great Society

by Michael Straight

John Adams for one, knew what he meant by the Great Society. He wrote to his wife in 1780, regretting that his work kept him in France. He went on to describe what he was working for: "I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, commerce and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music and architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain."

For almost two centuries, we set aside these values of John Adams. Now, his words have a contemporary ring. Rising standards of education and of income are creating new interests and new opportunities for Americans. Technological advances are bringing the pleasures of painting, poetry and music within reach. President Johnson, sensing this, lists the arts as a national resource in his State of the Union message. A more advanced position is taken by the members of the Rockefeller Panel in their newly published Report on the Performing Arts. The members of the panel are prudent men and women. But their report is based upon a far-reaching premise: "The panel is motivated by the conviction that the arts are not for a privileged few but for the many; that their place is not at the

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periphery of society but at the center; that they are not just a form of recreation but are of central importance to our well-being and happiness."

This statement would have carried no weight 10 years ago. It gains in importance now because it comes at the end of a decade of rapid expansion in the arts. High fidelity records, tapes and broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera have created new audiences for concerts; reproductions of prints and paintings have created new enthusiasts for original works of art; television has offered glimpses of what the theater can be. In turn, attendance has doubled in museums; dance groups have multiplied; theater companies have been established in a score of cities. One hundred universities and colleges have organized chamber orchestras; we have now 750 opera groups and 1,400 symphony orchestras. In more than 100 communities, arts councils are at work.

A National Policy?

These figures are a measure of vitality rather than of achievement. The vitality can be dissipated by lack of leadership; it can be subverted by the wrong kind of public sponsorship and control. So the question arises: are arts organizations best left to themselves, to develop in their own ways? Or does their further growth require a national policy for the arts?

There is no obvious answer to this question. There is barely enough information to enable it to be discussed. The Rockefeller panel report is intended to initiate discussion rather than to end it; it is helpful precisely because it is provocative and bold. It sets a goal: "The day when . . . our artists are considered as necessary as our educators." It presents, as an interim national objective, these "high-quality, nonprofit, professional organizations":

Fifty permanent theater companies; that is, one in each metropolitan area of over 500,000.

Fifty symphony orchestras whose members will also make up smaller musical groups.

Six regional opera groups, in addition to the four major resident companies we now have.

Six regional choral groups.

Six regional dance groups.

It may at first seem unrealistic to call for these new groups, at a time when existing cultural institutions are struggling to survive. But in presenting this list, the Rockefeller panel is proposing only that we raise the institutional base of the arts in America to the level that Germany and Italy maintain today, and on living standards well below our own. If then, we accept the panel's objective, these questions remain: Where will we find the artists to staff these organizations? How will we finance them? What kind of programs will they provide?

Artists come before institutions – that much should be clear. The Lincoln Center in New York began with a set of buildings; it suffered an initial disaster. The Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis began with a director; it scored an immediate success.

Tyrone Guthrie came from England to Minneapolis. How will our other cities staff their theaters and their concert halls? They will need young and talented professionals, and there are very few. The expansion that has taken place in the performing arts has been largely amateur. Young men and women have been discouraged from making the arts a career.

The talented student who is considering the arts will not demand from them the security that is offered by other professions. He will look at the quality of the training that is available to him; he will ask if he can raise a family on his prospective earnings; he will want to know if there is enough order in the profession to permit him to concentrate upon his work. He will not find in the arts the assurance that he needs.

"The commercial theater is shrinking," according to the Rockefeller panel. It has been pulling the actor down as it declines. At any given moment only one in 10 of the members of the Actors Equity Association is employed. The minimum wage, set by Equity, is less than the stage hand's minimum $125. In time, television may create a demand for actors who are highly trained; for the present, standards of training are falling, as they have been for the past 30 years. We turn to England when we need classical actors; and visiting directors from France and Germany are astonished to find how limited our actors are.

"The dance world is close to chaos," according to the Rockefeller panel. The Ford Foundation, for reasons best known to itself, last year gave $4.4 million to the School of American Ballet in New York. But our most renowned dancer, Martha Graham, has been unable to afford an American tour for the past 15 years. Only one modern dance company led by the brilliant Alwin Nikolais has found a home, in the Henry Street Settlement Theater. Other companies lack physical facilities, competent managers and financial reserves. They form and dissolve; some of their best works are lost. The American Dance Theater has now been organized as a permanent repertory company. It holds out the promise of an acceptable living standard for dancers. Meanwhile, as Agnes DeMille testified, "Dancers eat sawdust." One-hundred dancers took part in the recent, week-long festival staged by the American Dance Theater at the Lincoln Center. They earned less for the week than the Center's 25 stage hands.

In music, our young singers and soloists are superbly trained in our studios and conservatories. Many of them move to Europe because opportunities are lack-

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ing here. Symphony orchestras in contrast are short of good musicians, partly because they have paid low salaries in the past. "Musicians are showing a waning interest in making music their life work," a member of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra told a congressional subcommittee last year. "New talent, overflowing with enthusiasm . . . must, upon close examination, admit the futility of trying to raise a family on a wage that more closely meets President Johnson's specifications for the term 'poverty' than it does to minimal living standards. . . . The present minimum salary of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra is $4,030 yearly. Our contract covers 31 weeks. The situation is typical of the majority of our major orchestras."

Symphony orchestras have doubled in size since Mozart's time. They have benefited only a small segment of the communities they are supposed to serve. The Rockefeller panel sees the symphony orchestra of the future as a year-round, community organization, whose members are available for performances of all kinds. The idea is a promising one, but it is bitterly opposed by the present leaders of the American Federation of Musicians. The Federation has held back talented young players in the name of seniority; it has forbidden its members in many cities from playing in outside groups, and it has expelled from membership musicians who broke its rules. Its attitude toward expansion was well expressed by Lee Repp, a member of the executive committee of the AFM in testimony taken in 1963. Mr. Repp spoke of "kids with exceptional talent who . . . would like nothing better than to become a member of a top symphony orchestra." He went on. "We are going to tell them 'Don't do it! . . . if you have talent in this line you certainly have talent in other lines. . . . Try to get in some other profession, and use your music to supplement whatever income you get from that'."

The Met's Crisis

The arts have always operated at a deficit in America. The deficit has been made up by the artists themselves. Now they are attempting to shift the burden. They are succeeding in many instances, often by the threat of strike action. In turn, the institutions which employ them are faced with insolvency; for the deficits are more than the public is ready to pay.

Examples of this trend can be found in all of our cities and in each of the performing arts. The best example is the Metropolitan Opera, a national institution in which all of the performing arts are combined. The Metropolitan Opera survived a crisis in 1961; in 1963, it took in $6 million in ticket sales; it raised another $1.25 million in contributions from the 900,000 who attended its performances and the 15 million who listened to them in broadcasts sponsored by the Texaco Company; it still could not meet its operating costs. Now the Metropolitan has accepted still larger commitments. It is providing year-round employment and year-round performances. It is emphasizing its national role by organizing a touring company and by taping its performances for television. It is faced with the certain prospect of substantially increased deficits.

This year, according to the Rockefeller panel, nonprofit arts organizations will spend about $100 million more than they will earn in box office receipts. "The gap between earned income and total costs," the panel adds, "can be expected to widen in the years ahead."

Who then will support the performing arts?

Individuals provide 80 percent of all charitable contributions. Three cents in every dollar that they give goes to the arts. A few giant corporations and a number of family-owned companies have sponsored art projects. In general, corporate executives recoil from the creative chaos that surrounds all art. They have looked on corporate philanthropy as a branch of public relations; they have moved timidly and sluggishly, limiting their support to established organizations whose activities are beyond controversy.

Government is the final source of support for the arts. Its intrusion has been resisted by artists as well as by taxpayers. "Nonetheless," the Rockefeller panel asserts, "the lessons of history and the examples of virtually all the other great nations cannot be ignored. We have reached a point in our history when we must come to grips with the question of the role of government in our cultural life."

The role of local government in supporting the arts is already defined. Cultural centers are included in most plans for urban renewal; city funds help maintain the performing arts. Los Angeles County contributes $400,000 a year to music organizations; San Francisco uses a three percent hotel occupancy tax to finance its symphony, its opera and its ballet. Buffalo and Baltimore make substantial contributions to their symphony orchestras. Philadelphia grants $75,000 a year for summer symphony concerts, and $25,000 each to two opera groups. New York contributes $320,000 a year for its Shakespeare Festival, an outdoor theater, in which attendance is free.

State governments, in contrast, have moved slowly in sponsoring the arts. Twenty states have established arts councils or commissions; in only three states have they been put to work. In California, a state program has just been organized. In North Carolina, a state-supported symphony orchestra played in 54 communities in 1964. The New York State Council on the Arts, initiated by Governor Rockefeller, was given $534,000 last year. It provided technical assistance to schools and communities, and sent 57 touring companies

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throughout the state.

The federal government, in the days of the New Deal, went far beyond the passive concept of support for the arts. It enlisted artists of all kinds as participants in its enterprises. In turn, they created works of lasting merit on government time.

Federal Fragments

Today, in contrast, the actions of the federal government are fragmentary:

► The government has provided sites, through the Urban Renewal Program, on which 11 cities have built theaters, cultural centers or concert halls.

► It has sent arts organizations overseas, although, as Katherine Dunham told a Senate subcommittee, these tours represent contributions by artists to their government, rather than government support for the arts.

► It has unwittingly set a precedent for future subsidies by sponsoring an institution which is bound to incur substantial, annual deficits – the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C.

► Lastly, the pervasive power of the Presidential example was placed behind the arts when President Kennedy and his wife lived in the White House. To say merely that they made the arts fashionable is to miss the point. By pointing to Mrs. Kennedy, art teachers in the poorest schools in America were able to squeeze more money from their boards for scratch paper, brushes, and poster paints.

At the same time, the weight of the federal government presses down on the arts.

The most obvious example is the federal excise tax of 10 percent, levied on theater tickets. The yield of the tax is insignificant as a percentage of federal revenues; but it is as much as the commercial theater earns in net profits each year.

A less obvious example is the influence exerted by the federal government on higher education. The government gave $800 million to our colleges and universities for research and development in 1960; it awarded fellowships averaging $480 to 115,000 students. These sums were spent on the sciences, on engineering and, in a few instances, for the study of foreign languages. In no case were they given for education or training in the arts. The result, as Harold Orlans has shown in *The Effects of Federal Programs on Higher Education*, has been to distort the structure and purpose of higher education.

The role of the federal government in the United States is shaped, not by an appeal to general principles, but in response to particular and pressing needs.

When the Metropolitan Opera season was canceled in 1961, in the course of a wage dispute, Arthur Goldberg was called in, as Secretary of Labor, to make an Arbitrator's Award. He took note of the financial weakness of the Metropolitan; he ordered concessions which added substantially to its prospective deficits; he recognized the consequences of his ruling, for the Metropolitan, and for all art institutions. "The question before the nation," he declared, "is how to restore the financial viability of these institutions. . . . The answer . . . is evident enough. We must come to accept the arts as a new community responsibility. . . . Part of this responsibility must fall to the federal government."

"Community responsibility" was Mr. Goldberg's first principle; his second was "diversity of support." "The proper role of the federal government," he wrote, "is to help state and local governments and private nonprofit groups build and maintain the physical plants required by the arts." The federal government, he believed, should also help to make up the operating deficits of arts organizations. But "federal subsidies of this kind should be granted on a matching basis with much the larger proportion of funds provided from private sources or by other levels of government."

Mr. Goldberg's principles were cited by President Kennedy in his message to the 87th Congress on the arts. They were supported by August Hecksher, whose appointment as Special White House Consultant on the Arts followed the Metropolitan Award; they are now before the Congress in bills which provide for a National Arts Foundation; they are endorsed by the Rockefeller panel: "For the present, federal aid . . . can be most effectively provided through matching grants to meet the capital needs of arts organizations."

This program certainly has wide appeal. The use of matching grants prods the states into action; the construction of physical facilities has always been welcome, even to those who stress the dangers of domination by the federal government. A building program holds out the promise of patronage and can be enacted by a simple amendment to the Library Services and Construction Act.

But although the construction of new concert halls and cultural centers is desirable, programs will have to be developed for their use long before they are completed. The second part of a sound federal program for the arts is technical assistance to states and communities. Once again, it can be provided very simply by the expansion of an existing agency: the Arts and Humanities Branch of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The third part of a sound federal program is fellowship aid. The pattern is already established by the fellowships awarded in science, engineering and language training under the National Defense Education

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Act. Graduate fellowships in the arts can be financed, as Francis Keppel, the United States Commissioner of Education has testified, simply by expanding the act.

The fourth part of a sound federal program is the provision of federal funds, on an assured, annual basis, to help meet the operating costs of arts organizations of national renown. Here, Mr. Goldberg's device of matching funds is of secondary importance. The program turns on his concept of community responsibility for the arts. "Community" of course is a variable; the "community" of the Houston Grand Opera is the city of Houston; the "community" of the Metropolitan is the nation itself. The stake of the nation in the Metropolitan was apparent when Secretary Goldberg acted as arbitrator. It will become more apparent when the day comes – as it must come – when performances of the Metropolitan are carried across the continent by television as well as by radio.

The Metropolitan is an obvious example of a national arts organization. To pick and choose among others is no easy task. A domestic precedent has been established, as far as administrative procedure is concerned, in the National Science Foundation. For precedents in government sponsorship of the arts, we can turn to any European nation. Typically, the Arts Council of Great Britain receives funds from Parliament and distributes them as it sees fit. It gives as much as $2.5 million a year to the Covent Garden Opera, and as little as $700 a year to small groups of high quality such as the Jacques Orchestra. In this country, by encouraging private philanthropy through tax relief, we erase the need for large numbers of small federal subsidies. But either the newly-formed National Council on the Arts or the National Arts Foundation, which some Senators and Representatives favor, can without difficulty receive federal funds and distribute them among a limited number of national arts organizations.

If the community is going to pay for the arts, it is going to shape their content. The possibility follows that the 50 symphony orchestras foreseen by the Rockefeller panel will be 50 replicas of the Boston Pops, well known for its rendition of *I Want To Hold Your Hand.*

Culture and Democracy

The belief that culture and democracy are irreconcilable is an ancient one. It led T. S. Eliot to become a Royalist in politics. It brought Dwight Macdonald – a democrat – to the edge of despair. "The great cultures of the past have all been elite affairs," according to Mr. Macdonald; the "mass" of Americans can never attain high culture standards; only by keeping the elite and the "mass" apart can our culture be preserved.

This is absurd. The level of culture is never fixed; there is no one level, because the American people are not a "mass." Our many levels of culture can all be raised by the great leaven of democracy: education. Once this is granted, the cultural pessimism of Eliot and Macdonald becomes as pedantic as the political pessimism of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More.

Our over-all standards of education have risen sharply since the Russians launched their Sputnik; the relative status of the arts in the school curriculum has declined. The net result has not been damaging – a well-trained mathematician is better able to appreciate the Goldberg Variations than a poorly educated artist. Nonetheless, a student may receive a doctor's degree, after 19 years of schooling, and yet have only the most rudimentary knowledge of the arts.

Substantial efforts are being made now to improve education in the arts. One independent agency, Young Audiences, presents 5,000 concerts a year to schools in 325 communities; another, the American National Theater and Academy works through regional representatives to raise standards of drama in the schools. In art, 10 courses are added in our public schools now for every one that is dropped. But the present level of art education indicates how far we have to go. In elementary schools, according to the Office of Education, the median time allotted to art is 70 minutes a week. One school in four has neither paper nor paint for its pupils.

In secondary education, one school in four offers no art courses, and art history and appreciation is taught in one school in 10. Nationally, the median expenditure for art supplies is $3.72 per pupil per year.

Twelve years ago, President Truman asked the Commission of Fine Arts to tell him what the government could best do for the arts. Its answer, in part, was that the government should provide pamphlets, slides and films on art to our 24,000 public high schools. Since then, rapid progress has been made in the use of slides with simultaneous sound tracks on tape. The provision of equipment for use in the schools is the fifth part of a sound federal program for the arts.

Ultimately, the test of a culture is not its proficiency in performing past works, but its capacity to produce new works of art. Here, for one moment, we can return to Mr. Macdonald's premise, that "the great cultures of the past have all been elite affairs." The truth is just the reverse. Aeschylus and Sophocles wrote for all citizens; so did Shakespeare. Bach composed his cantatas for the congregation of the Thomasschule; Duccio's panels were borne by an immense crowd from his studio to the Cathedral in Siena. Art, in these periods, was a principal means of conveying the great truths of the time to the great majority of the people. There is no reason why it should not play the same role again.

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Automation, Printers and Publishers

New York City

The contracts signed to end the New York newspaper strike of 1962-63 expire on March 30, and negotiations now going on have a familiar air of intractability. The publishers are determined that a new contract permit the introduction of computerized printing equipment, which the *Times*, *Daily News* and *Post* have either installed or ordered. Bertram Powers, president of Local 6 of the International Typographical Union (ITU), is realistic enough to accept the inevitable, but he is determined to make the publishers pay for automation.

Computers work this way: News copy goes to printers retrained to use electronic keyboards, which punch "unjustified" tape; the keyboard punchers do not bother with the time-consuming task of spacing the lines to fit newspaper columns. Their big brother the computer takes care of that, rapidly producing a "justified" tape that can be fed directly into linecasting equipment with little or no supervision.

If the printers are disquieted by this labor-saving new system, think how they must feel about the process used at the *Los Angeles Times*, where the *writers* produce a perforated tape, by a special attachment on their typewriters. That routine – which could portend the future in New York – requires virtually no printers.

"It's happened. The machines are reproducing themselves."

Section III of the ITU's schedule of contract demands spells out Powers' philosophy. He asks the publishers to create an "automation fund" and contribute to it an amount equal to five percent of the gross earnings of all 3,700 printers on newspaper payrolls. The five percent undoubtedly is negotiable, but the idea behind it is not. Powers is convinced that his men – many of whom are highly skilled craftsmen with years of experience – are entitled to a massive retraining effort, supplemental unemployment benefits if automation puts them out of work, and early retirement. Powers also wants strict controls over the rate of job attrition to avoid heavy unemployment.

The publishers seem willing enough to meet the attrition problem with offers of job security. They may even sympathize with the insecurity that bred demands for the automation fund. They are less certain about their willingness or their ability to finance it. As a result, some think there is going to be another newspaper strike this year.

The labor camp has bitter memories of inter-union divisiveness during and after the spring of 1963. Powers may be an unrivaled labor spokesman, and he is the head of a union that wields great strength in the New York newspaper industry. But he was under great pressure toward the end of the last strike and, rightly or wrongly, was vilified within and without the labor movement. It might be difficult for him to get national ITU backing for a walk-out this year. He is aware too, that his local has contracts with three fewer newspapers than in 1963. Both the *Journal of Commerce* and the *Wall Street Journal* have moved their production facilities out of New York. The third paper – Hearst's *Mirror* – went out of business.

The Publishers' Association feels itself disadvantaged by the absence of the *Post*, which quit the Association toward the end of the last strike and shows no outward disposition to rejoin. The fact the printers can make a separate peace with the *Post* is sometimes cited as a tactical advantage for labor. And it is true that if the *Post* made an independent settlement while the other papers were facing a strike, it would create uncomfortable competitive pressures for the other afternoon papers, the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram*. But if the *Post* thus indirectly pressured the financially sturdier *Times* and *Daily News*, retribution would be sure and swift: *Post* employees are not likely to work for less money than their union colleagues elsewhere.

RICHARD SEVERO

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Feuding with the French

by Bernard B. Fall

It is impossible to compel President Johnson to read Milton Viorst's book from cover to cover before he undertakes a trip to Europe. That is a pity, for he would learn more from *Hostile Allies* about what is wrong with American-French relations than he can learn from reading miles of official background briefings.

One could well argue that, as far as the United States is concerned, the whole FDR-de Gaulle hassle is ancient history. And, as far as the United States is concerned, that is true: not one of the American leaders (or even second-line officials) involved is now with the government. On the French side, they almost *all* are in commanding positions today, just as they were then. And they have exceedingly long and painful memories. Viorst fully documents the tragic differences which to this day affect American-French relations and which Roosevelt's envoy was to express this way:

> "I said [to de Gaulle] that I felt the misunderstandings were due in part to his failure to appreciate the fact that the United States Government and people are not thinking politically about France, but are thinking solely in terms of getting on with the war and defeating Hitler."

Present day similarities are abundant: The war in Vietnam must be "won"; political solutions can come later. The Multilateral Force must be created; the political effects of German nuclear rearmament will be dealt with afterwards. UN members must be compelled to pay their "peace-keeping" assessments; the results of an ensuing backdown will be taken care of later. In English, this may be pragmatism. In Descartes-minded French, it sounds like utter confusion.

It is in the name of that pragmatism that FDR continued, on the advice of the highly "hawkish" foreign-policy advisers who seem a permanent appurtenance of the American Presidency, to deal with the German-imposed French puppet government in Vichy as "representing" France. Viorst's chapter on US relations with Vichy should be required reading at the State Department's Foreign Service Institute as a perfect example of how not to run a foreign policy. Here we find all the earmarks of that yearning for "stability," no matter what abasement of principle it might involve. Thus, one sees here the American ambassador to Vichy recommending to Washington that the US get Britain to dump de Gaulle, as this would "go far" in getting Marshal Pétain to swing in favor of Britain! There follows the courting of the defeatist and reactionary Weygand, the man who led France to surrender in 1940 and who hated the republican system of government more than he hated the Nazi enemy; the selection of Admiral Darlan (an unrepentant Vichyite who had, as Pétain's deputy, gone to Hitler's retreat at Berchtesgaden to swear allegiance to the Nazi "New European Order") as French leader in North Africa in 1942 against the overwhelming wishes of the French as well as Churchill; and, finally, the backing of the milktoastish General Giraud as Free French leader against de Gaulle.

To be wrong so often about the same country suggests such a lack of understanding and empathy as to put in doubt whether any kind of meaningful American-French political dialogue is possible.

Perhaps Mr. Viorst is over-stringent with President Roosevelt. After all, it was *not* FDR who provided the background facts (or rather, pseudo-facts) on which American policies towards wartime France were based; that was done by his diplomatic agents in London, Vichy, and (after the November, 1942 landings there) Algiers. As Viorst shows – and the State Department's published documents bear him out – apparently not one voice was raised on

Hostile Allies
FDR and De Gaulle
by Milton Viorst
(Macmillan; $6.95)
The Brinkman
by Desmond Meiring
(Houghton Mifflin; $5.95)

Poem for a Far Land

Russia, most feminine of lands,
  Breeder of stupid masculinity,
Only Jesus understands
  Your interminable virginity.

Raped, and raped, and raped again,
  You rise snow-white, the utter same,
With tender birches and ox-eyed men
  Willing to suffer for your fair name.

Though astronauts distress the sky
  That mothers your low, sad villages,
Your vastness yearns in sympathy
  Between what was and that which is.

JOHN UPDIKE

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the American side to provide FDR with at least an alternate view; save perhaps, that of General Eisenhower who, in his hesitant way, warned his own military superior, General Marshall, against the opinion "in some quarters at home that we are in [French] North Africa as an occupying, powerful, conquering army . . . it appears to be assumed that we are in a position to deal with the French on the basis of giving orders and compelling compliance. . . ."

Yet that is precisely what had been in the mind of FDR and what, so de Gaulle and his closest entourage feel, might still be in the minds of those Americans who most influence American-French relations today. Those who wonder at de Gaulle's reluctance to integrate French forces with NATO would do well to read Viorst's re-telling of the Battle for Strasbourg in the winter of 1944-45, when Eisenhower, in order to save American troops at the Bulge, ordered the French Army to abandon northern Alsace once more to the Nazis, along with hundreds of thousands of hapless French civilians. De Gaulle refused on political grounds, and turned out to be right, as both Alsace and the Bulge were saved. In another instance, the author shows that the same policy-shapers who had biased Roosevelt's judgment were still at work under Truman. A question of occupation zone boundaries arose over French-occupied Stuttgart, and Truman wrote de Gaulle:

> "If the time has come, in your opinion, when the French Army is to be considered as engaged in carrying out the political desires of the French Government, then an entire rearrangement of command will have to be made."

Until further proof, and unless one deals with the East European satellites, national armies are precisely there to carry out the political desires of their governments; and the United States, then as in 1965, would in all likelihood balk at an arrangement under which she would have to request NATO permission to, say, bomb North Vietnam.

Viorst's book will arouse cries of anguish among the FDR hero-worshippers and the surviving creators of some of his more erratic wartime policies. It is interesting to note that *The New York Times Book Review* chose Robert Murphy, FDR's envoy to Algiers and one of the foremost exponents of the pro-Vichy and anti-Free French line, to review *Hostile Allies;* and that Murphy could find no better rebuttal to Viorst (or justification for his own views) than an elaborate might-have-been situation in the course of which the Germans would have overrun all of Spain and North Africa, had not Vichy providentially capitulated to the Nazis. But the sad fact remains that there might as well have been no American wartime policy toward France at all.

The Brinkman deals, in a remote way, with French-American relations at a different level and in a Laotian locale. It is both what the French would call a *roman à clef* and a *roman à thèse*. It is not really a novel at all but deals with a real situation and real people, excepting a CIA agent, a French journalist, and their joint mistress. The thesis is the old British theme, brought up to date in *The Quiet American*, that East is East and West is American, and the twain shall ne'er meet.

The American in Meiring's novel is more sophisticated than Graham Greene's young man who used to pass plastic explosives around in Saigon. But his sophistication is one of method rather than intent – after all, ten years of counterinsurgency training have gone by since Greene published his novel. An undercover agent now creates guerrilla movements from scratch, fixes elections, even has a normal love life. Politically, of course, he's still the same simpleton who divides the whole world in to the good guys and the bad guys.

The person unfamiliar with Laos in 1960 will read this as just another adventure novel and, unable to provide from his own memory the sounds and smells of Vientiane, may find the individual characters a bit shallow or, most of the time, dominated by the well-drawn Laotian background. But to the on-the-spot observer of things Laotian, *The Brinkman* will come as fully true to life as libel laws permit. Laos is *really* like that. Which just goes to prove that it is a pure figment of the imagination.

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Albert's Girl

by Joseph Epstein

As a very young child, not yet Queen, Victoria came upon another little girl about to play with her toys, and was heard to announce: "You must not touch those, they are mine; and I may call you Jane, but you must not call me Victoria." Some years later, having developed a taste for decisiveness in monarchs, she read *Hamlet* and accused the Prince of Denmark of "pottering." To Victoria, for whom "shockingly" and "*outré*" were favorite words, decorum represented not merely the limits within which one lived and developed a style but was in itself a religion – a Calvinist creed in which a whining voice, a bad complexion, or wearing green gloves was sufficient to deny one salvation. Once Queen, her governess and prime minister instructed her not to be afraid of hurting people's feelings. She learned the lesson without any apparent difficulty.

Queen Victoria
Born to Succeed
by Elizabeth Longford
(Harper & Row; $8.50)

Since Elizabeth Longford had access to the Royal Archives – an access denied to Lytton-Strachey, whose biography of the Queen is one of the most beautifully written books in the English language – hers is the more complete and balanced work. If her prose is nowhere near so elegant as Strachey's, it is nonetheless measured, often witty, and in a quiet way capable of remarkable effects. But more interesting than any of this is that two excellent writers, both keenly aware of the foibles and brutalities of the Victorian Era, find virtues preponderating over faults in the woman who gave it its name.

Victoria followed to the throne, in Sir Sidney Lee's phrase, "an imbecile, a profligate and a buffoon." Far from being born to succeed, as Lady Longford's title has her, she was born into all kinds of difficulty: madness in the family, a father who died early in her life; and a plotting and largely undiscriminating mother. When she became Queen at 18, the mother problem was dealt with by simply pushing the Duchess of Kent into the background, but the worry over madness and the search for a father never ended. On this last count, there was Lord Melbourne, and it is hard to imagine, insofar as Victoria was concerned, a more fortunate candidate. As her first Prime Minister, the aging Whig – author of the remark "damned morality would undo us all" – taught her the intricacies of Court, how to deal with Public and Parliament, and even instilled in the solemn young Queen something of a sense for *joie de vivre*. Other father-figures followed: the Duke of Wellington, Robert Peel, Lord Russell, John Brown, Disraeli. Lady Longford puts it neatly when she writes that Victoria "did not require physical ardours so much as intense, undivided affection producing a sense of safety and comfort." This is a fairly exact description of the qualifications of the daddy of them all, Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Victoria's husband when both were twenty-one.

Theirs was at once the happiest and saddest marriage ever. Decorum demanded that Victoria propose to Albert. She did so. The British Parliament, without so nice an understanding of decorum, immediately cut Albert's allowance below what the Queen had asked and let it be known that it was not about to raise his rank any higher than it had to. Albert served very well as the butt of English xenophobia; whenever popular sentiment went against the Queen – as it did in wanting England to enter the Russo-Turkish War – it was inevitably bruit-

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

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ed about that Victoria was too much under her husband's influence. The Queen was forever defending Albert against public humiliation.

But there were private ecstasies: the vacations at Osborne and Balmoral with the children, the quiet dinners alone with Albert, pride in his execution of the Great Exhibition, the preparations for the Princess Royal's wedding. Albert addressed his notes to her as "Dearest Child." He was constantly on the lookout lest what he called her "fidgety nature" – by which he meant the mad ghost of George III, which both believed might be lurking within her – got out of control. When she handled herself well he would give her a "very good certificate of improvement." During these years the damnedest details – a change of government, the Crimean War, Napoleon III – took Victoria from her role as housewife and mother of Albert's children. Lady Longford is extraordinarily successful in conveying the intimacy and intense love shared by these two stiff people.

Albert described himself, accurately, as "the husband, not the master of the house." He was an excellent young man who married the boss's daughter. The Prince Consort was a polymath and something of a do-it-yourself nut. As early as age 11, he recorded in his diary: "I intend to be a good and useful man." Lonely for his native country, often made to feel the alien in his wife's, he nonetheless interested himself in commerce, industry, and horticulture, attended Faraday's lectures, helped Victoria understand foreign policy, drafted much of her correspondence, held theories of child rearing. Good and useful he was, but it all seemed like the clubwork of the good and bored wealthy lady. Had he married anyone else, he undoubtedly would have been judged a success.

As a young man, presumably to stay in shape, Albert used to run the corridors at Windsor Castle. Still a young man at 42, he wandered about them delirious with typhoid. His wife had earlier worried about his health. Not so Albert. "Not for the first time," Lady Longford writes, "he explained to Queen Victoria quite calmly that he did not cling to life as she did; he was happy in his lot but if he were attacked by a severe illness he would let go without a struggle." And this he did on December 14, 1861.

Victoria did the death scene. (Lady Longford, in one of her rare and never painful digressions, remarks: "Today we are interested in sex, and the marriage bed has replaced the death bed in our literature.") In her Journal, the Queen recorded Albert's last moments:

> "Two or three long but perfectly gentle breaths were drawn, his hand clasping mine & (oh! it turns me sick to write it) *all all* was over . . . I stood up, kissing his dear heavenly forehead & called out in a bitter agonising cry: 'Oh! my dear Darling!' & then dropped on my knees in mute, distracted despair, unable to utter a word or shed a tear!"

Victoria began sleeping, Lady Longford informs us, with Albert's nightshirt in her arms and a cast of his hand within reach, while over his empty pillow she hung his portrait crowned with a wreath of evergreens. It took her literally years to fall back into the rhythm of her Queenly duties. There can be no question of Victoria's earnestness when she said of Albert: "He was my life!"

If Victoria was different from the Victorians, the reason for the difference was Albert. When he was alive, her duties often kept her from him; when dead, those duties became more oppressive than ever. In either case, to her orderly and rather dull Victorian life Albert added an extra dimension. After his death she seemed to cry out for sympathy. Yet when a clergyman, trying to console her, suggested that she must now see herself as the wife of Christ, she answered: "That is what I call twaddle." She was a tough bird.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Bernard B. Fall *is the author of several books on Indochina and a professor of international relations at Howard University, Washington, D.C.* John Updike's *newest book, a volume of his selected prose, will be published in a few weeks by Knopf.* Joseph Epstein, *formerly on the staff of* The New Leader, *is now a free-lance writer.*

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Conrad in Books and Brooks

Richard Brooks's version of *Lord Jim* raises the question of whether one likes films, in addition to whether one likes Conrad. Much of the picture is extraordinarily well made and Peter O'Toole's performance in the title role is touched with the poetic; but the revisions, deletions and additions to the original have the effect of changing the subject under discussion. I am

Lord Jim
(Columbia)

thinking only of those who know the book when I say that they may find this film enjoyable as such. Is the phrase "as such" tenable? The point seems worth exploring when a novel is an accepted classic and the film that has been derived from it has certain virtues of its own.

It seems to me hypocritically naïve to go to a film version of such a book expecting or hoping that no changes at all have been made and being shocked at discovering otherwise. All of us know that the times when the novel has not been altered or wrenched out of shape are rare. (*David Copperfield? Great Expectations? Wuthering Heights?* It would need a fresh look to make sure.) But beyond sad experience, there is the fundamental fact that, even in understanding hands, adaptation cannot mean mere reproduction. To belabor the obvious, there is the sheer matter of time: a film that included all the dialogue in an average novel would run perhaps 20 or 25 hours. But there is the even more fundamental fact that a novel exists in its prose; to put it into pictures – to substitute actual places and persons for places and persons that are meant to be suggested inside one's head by Conrad's words – is to put Conrad largely out of the question and to make demands on another aesthetic. Even to take the synopsized plot – intact, without rearrangement – is not really to be faithful: it is merely to extract a skeleton, which turns to rubber when it is extracted and which can be hardened into bone again only if the new, cinematic flesh that is put on it is molded by that new aesthetic.

It is purely academic to argue from the above that adaptation ought not to be attempted. The history of film is the history of adaptation, usually from novels. It is true that the best films – with rare exceptions like Pudovkin's version of Gorky's *Mother* – are original works or are liberal adaptations from inferior fiction that could only be improved by adaptation. But the amount of useful original material written for the screen has never been enough to fill it, and the attraction of certain novels has been understandably strong. As in this case. (I wonder only why *Lord Jim* has been relatively neglected; the one previous version I know of was made by Victor Fleming in the silent days.) Besides, there is the added value of a famous title. So it is mock heroics to play Canute to the sea of adaptations.

Still the paradox remains: one enjoys much in this film *at the same time* that one is disconcerted by the changes. But if it is fruitless to complain of changes as such or of the very practice of adaptation, how can the dissatisfaction be resolved? (Not merely by staying away if, like me, you often get various kinds of pleasure along with the dissatisfaction.) One helpful method, when a good or great book is involved, might be the recognition of a Third Force: neither the original novel nor an original film. In music there is an ancient tradition of variations on other composers' themes, and no one complains because Brahms and Rachmaninoff have, each in his own way, been "unfaithful" to Paganini. Robert Lowell showed in *Imitations* that a related process is possible in poetry. Not to equate Brooks with these gentlemen, perhaps the same attitude could apply to this kind of film. In the most rigorously artistic view, the film has demands to be filled in faithfulness to itself; it needs to be as self-centered as any other art. Anything else leads to

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adaptations petrified with reverence (*Sons and Lovers*). There seems to me a place for "variation" films: to be judged by standards analagous to variations in music and poetry. Has the adapter exploited the original material satisfactorily? Does he justify his alterations?

One obvious objection to this approach is that Brahms's variations are in the same medium and are not intended to produce the same effect as the original work; Brooks's variations in a different medium, *are* so intended. But unless we are going to dismiss automatically as rape every film of every worthy novel, then we need some way of appreciating them as what they are: since they cannot, in the nature of the case, be the novels. The work of the adapter, judged as possible contribution rather than being arbitrarily dismissed as vandalism, seems one viable approach. Let us shelve the literary purist view that the film's success must be judged by degree of fidelity, and instead judge whether the changes help the film, as film, to arrive at the same general effect; further, whether the changes show virtuosity in the new medium and thus actually add artistic values that were not possible in the first medium. (This, of course, in addition to those original elements that are retained and simply translated.)

By these standards, then, some of the changes in the script of *Lord Jim* are understandable: the untangling of the time-skein, for instance. But many are incomprehensible. Why, for instance, is the *Patna* in the midst of a storm when she strikes the obstacle? Surely it is less pictorially trite and dramatically much more conducive to Jim's later shame if, as in Conrad, the officers panic before the squall breaks. A large addition in the script is more understandable but less excusable. A character called The General has been invented, a dictator who tyrannizes Patusan and against whom Jim leads a revolution. I would guess that this whole episode is a producers' back-formation. They realized that the film would have to be shot partially on some Oriental location (Cambodia, as it turned out) as well as in studios; that to follow the synopsized Conrad story, as is, would give them a film of perhaps 100 or 110 minutes; that they needed a longer picture to justify the high prices they would have to charge even if it were shorter. Therefore they had to put in more story; and Brooks has supplied an extensive action-packed episode, with heavy implications about the People and Freedom. The General himself is one more try at the new-style philosophizing torturer, two of whose better incarnations are in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* and Bridget Boland's *The Prisoner*. Eli Wallach plays him equally derivatively, with no suggestion of the necessary force.

Other changes – regrettable even by "variation" standards – are too many to detail, but two must be noted. By building the General (out of Sherif Ali?) Brooks has diminished Doramin, thus making Jim's last action less inevitable. Second, the pervasive tone of the script misses the important Conradian irony. It is all written as straight tragedy of honor – neo-Elizabethan – without the ambience of the modern view that Conrad uses to keep it from being stiffly absolutist. As a "variation" film, then, *Lord Jim* shows expansion without inner justification; change of key to its detriment; italicizing of theme to disproportion. What John Osborne's script for *Tom Jones* is supposed by some (not by me) to have accomplished, will hardly be claimed for Brooks's script here. It is different but not equal.

But Brooks also directed, much more successfully than he adapted; and it is in this area that the cinematic values, as such, begin to appear. The montage section of Jim's marine training is swiftly and engagingly done, the battles are clear, spacious, convincing. Some scenes that depart from Conrad – like Jim's last moments – are in themselves good film episodes. Of course Brooks had the help of one of the best film editors, Alan Osbiston. Otto Preminger wrote recently that critics overestimate the editor's contribution. Perhaps so. I note, however, that this is by far the best direction that Brooks has done and that J. Lee Thompson – whose taut *Guns of Navarone* was made with Osbiston's help – has not made a bearable film since he changed editors. As for photography, Brooks had the asset of Frederick Young, the superb cinematographer of

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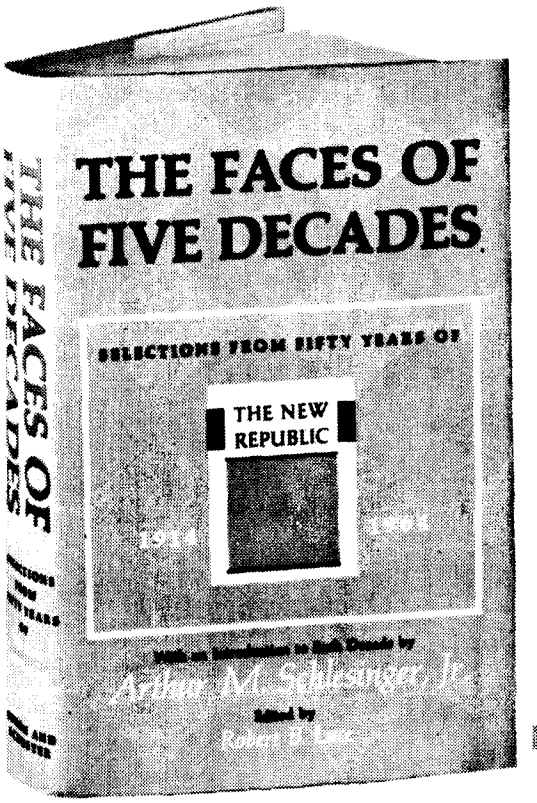

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Lawrence of Arabia.

In the large cast Paul Lukas, as Stein, is outstanding. He has lost none of his magic power to move us. Daliah Lavi, as Jewel, is also outstanding because she is so bad. She is duskily lovely, but when she opens her mouth, she becomes a lump.

And there is O'Toole as Jim. His work is the premier example in this picture of the benefits that a "variation" film can add. Obviously, the character is, as written here, a simplified version; without much of the original's humor or conscious self-dramatization. But the Conradian quintessence is there, a man torn in an agony that would not bother all men, although many might wish that they were capable of it. O'Toole's person, voice, performance heighten this romantic truth, making a somewhat different character from the original, but a fascinating and affecting one. There are certainly resemblances between his Jim and his T. E. Lawrence; but besides the fact that his King in *Becket* showed that he is not limited to this kind of part, there are subtle and lovely differences in Jim: the sheer sunny happiness of the early scenes, the hushed shock at discovering what he is capable of doing. (Much of the later portion is played in daring gradations of *piano.*) His last glance at the sky before he dies is that of the man who "goes away from a living woman to celebrate his pitiless wedding with a shadowy ideal of conduct." All in all, this variation on the character of Conrad's Jim – simplified by Brooks but enriched by O'Toole – is as good a justification as this whole matter of adaptation is likely to get.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

Honor Bound to What?

Sirs:

If your wit were as acute as your apprehensions (in "Honor Bound to What?," February 13) for postulant officers at the various United States military academies are tender, it might have occurred to you that you and so many other commentators have been seduced, or have seduced yourselves, with a word.

The word is "honor," quite understandably not now fit for mention in enlightened society. We will all agree on that. It is obsolete and offensive.

Let us take a compound more fitting to citizens aware of modern values: "self-interest." Or better yet, we can reduce the whole to a simple of the most powerful identity: "money."

At the service academies, the postulants are not "students," or "youths," or "boys," once they are in uniform and take the oath of obligation. They are articled servants of the Republic, in training to execute its most inexcusable and essential ultimate service, to win its battles, preferably without getting killed, so they may be used again without all the waste and expense of rounding up another set, but if they so mismanage the public's affairs as to die in pursuit of same, well, this is known in sermons and journals of informed thought as "the awful cost of war," and so it is borne by the survivors with what equanimity they can muster.

It may come to you as a terrible shock, but postulant officers, like apprentice plumbers, theological students, Vice-Presidents of the United States and copy girls in journalists' company, are afflicted with ambition and the distractions of self-interest.

Worse, they lust for money, even as – if we are to believe anything at all appearing in the newspapers – do members of Congress, now and then, not to mention their peculiar associates.

It is a pitiable truth that, suffering as they do of self-interest and lusting as they do for money, these cadets, midshipmen and if you must fall for two-penny dramaturgy of Public Relations Officers, the "doolies," "plebes," ad nauseum, are every one, every day, in every subject, struggling to outdo their classmates, to win what is known in their sub-human culture as "the battle of the tenths."

Have you ever heard of it? Have you any notion why they fight or how fierce the contest? It is because relative rank (which means relative speed of promotion and pay) is not given for kind intentions but for work done on a comparative basis. Best work, highest rank; poorest work, lowest rank. Long before Marx ever heard of it, the

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United States Military Academy at West Point, to take one case, was applying the iron rule, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his – oh, they all get fed and shod. The supplied word is: "tenth." Until you have lived in its environment you cannot know applied socialism, which is not all as bad as those ignorant of it like to tell, but not all entirely candy, either. And, sir, the rule is iron that: "He who will not work, neither will he eat." Also: "He whose work is best, he eats at the head of the table."

Now, therefore, do you see what the "honor code" is all about? The man who cheats, steals. He does not "cheat himself on his education." He is not "getting a little back from the insurance company." He is not "evening it up with Internal Revenue."

Make no mistake about it. He is stealing a thing of value, when he cheats, and he is not stealing it from a corporation which "won't miss it, they got so much, anyhow."

He is stealing from the man next to him; from his roommate; from a man who may one day need good faith in him in a Vietnam jungle; or any equivalent that suits your taste. A thief you know as a thief stealing from you, may in other circles be understood as "one of the problems of society remaining to be solved." In the circles I indicate, it is put otherwise; usually, it goes like this: "When that son-of-a-bitch turns his back I am going to plug him, sure as hell."

Such an attitude is insupportable in a free Republic for the soundest reasons. It is wasteful, expensive and requires excess replacement of government property held in the name of the people, to-wit: more soldiers to replace those no longer in service condition due to faulty inspection.

In the competitive, self-interested, money-mad world of military service for rank, pay and homage [only in event of winning] therefore, a cheating cadet is written down as a thief. This was ancient wisdom at West Point and Annapolis before the Air Force Academy was ever stuck out there in Colorado. If the men like to think this selfish concern for themselves in peace and in war must be disguised as "honor," what is it to thee and me?

Frank C. Waldrop
Washington, D. C.

Mao Tse-tung as Author

Sirs:

The "foreign Sinologists" who have worked on the writings of Mao Tse-tung have a better case than Edgar Snow (February 27) seems willing to allow. Snow says, "As for a treatise entitled *On Dialectical Materialism*, which has been attributed to Mao's authorship by foreign Sinologists, he said that he had no recollection of having written any such work and he thought he would not have forgotten it if he had done so." But Edgar Snow did not apparently ask Mao to explain the evidence which has led foreign Sinologists to believe that such a work existed.

In *Sinkiang: Pawn or Pivot?* by Allen S. Whiting and General Sheng Shih-ts'ai, General Sheng, who was at one time very close to the Communists, states that he had seen "the galley proofs of Mao's writings on 'Dialectics'" in the latter part of 1940 and had read the first section. Arthur A. Cohen in *The Communism of Mao Tse-tung*, discusses a fragment of a work on dialectical materialism with Mao's name as author which appeared as an instalment in a Chinese magazine of which only one issue had been located in the United States. Finally, in one of my own books *(China and the Cold War)*, I mention that I had read a book on dialectical materialism by Mao Tse-tung which was lent to me at the beginning of 1943 at a Chinese Communist headquarters in Shansi-Chahar-Hopei and that I had not been able to find a copy when I visited China in 1949. I might add here that in 1949 neither Chao Ming in Tientsin nor Wang Ping-nan in Peking denied the existence of such a work by Mao; they only told me that they could not locate a copy.

Thus three quite independent sources indicate that at one time a work on dialectical materialism carrying the name of Mao Tse-tung as author was circulating in China. It would seem that either Mao decided to repudiate one of his own works because it proved to be unorthodox, or else that someone perpetrated a skillful literary hoax which . . . deceived many members of the Chinese Communist Party.

It would also have been very interest-

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ing if Edgar Snow had obtained Mao's comments on the evidence which led Arthur Cohen to conclude that neither *On Practice* nor *On Contradiction* could have been written in 1937 in substantially their present form. Why, for instance, do they not seem to have appeared in print before 1950 and 1952 respectively; and why does there seem to be no reference to them in any other Chinese Communist publications before these dates? *Michael Lindsay.*
Washington, D.C.

University Bosses

Sirs:

A paradox hovers over the fine article by Robert Presthus in your issue of February 26, on "University Bosses." Mr. Presthus critizes the conflict between professors and administrators; his essay is followed by a coda, by Daniel Hollowell, in which the ideal administrator (in the eyes of the "ideal administrator") emerges as a "professional" executive.

Isn't this exactly the problem – that too many university administrators do not have their academic roots in an academic discipline? That they do not come from the ranks of intellectually solid, scholarly respectable pedagogically decent faculty? Faculty, in my experience, is often as much to blame as administrators for the alienation, so well described by Presthus, that develops between these two academic cultures. Too few professors are ever genuinely willing (when able) to respect, let alone assume, the dirty (or even the clean) work of administrators; it is easier, and certainly temperamentally more likely to be congenial, to remain untaintedly, superciliously professional. (And some professors remain so, perhaps as a defense against failure, even when they do condescend to become administrators.)

One answer to Presthus's question about how European universities manage to survive without "presidents" is that the *faculties* in large measure "run" them. How many outstanding members of how many of even our best faculties are willing to give themselves *seriously* to administration? There are, undoubtedly, good historical, psychological, social, and intellectual reasons for the traditional hostility or contempt of many professors toward administrators, but we should not pretend that the problem is not at all ours. *Morris Freedman*
University of New Mexico

Robert Presthus sets forth some bold theses worthy of being nailed to the door of most any college chapel.

First, that "in large measure, memberships on university committees are exchanged on a co-optative basis by this [traditionalist, oligarchic] presidium." My impression is that very few faculty members enjoy committee work and most consider it a waste of time.

Second, that professors with institutional loyalty are "consummate 'locals' whose self-images and career aspirations are tied to their home base." (The same Robert Presthus deplores the costs of high turnover – which is almost as high among higher faculty as among the untenured.)

Third, that "in the prestige schools [students] can very well afford to pay the full fare." (The funds, Mr. Presthus suggests, could be used to increase faculty salaries.) From thirty to forty percent of the students at these schools are at present receiving scholarship assistance; the full cost of their education, including living costs, would be about $4,500 per year if they were charged full tuition.

Fourth, that although too few PhD's are choosing college teaching, we can cut down on the number of teaching assistants by hiring more faculty members. Where would they come from? The PhD's of today are the struggling assistants of yesterday; deprive the latter of their subsistance and there will be few of the former tomorrow.

In conclusion Mr. Presthus proposes to "curb the present emphasis on administration." And here he falls from a level of articulate self-contradiction into the fallacy of Goodmanism.

What is Goodmanism? It is a beautiful myth. In the beginning God created the student, and from his rib the teacher. They lived on the bridges of Paris, gladly learning and gladly teaching, until the Administration-serpent appeared, offering the apple of bureaucracy. The teacher fell, and then the student, into the muddy depths of the Seine. When they crawled up onto the

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left bank, Sin came into the academic world, which God thereupon delivered unto the Administration. Several millennia later, Pontius Kerr uttered the fatal words: "Deliver unto Knowland the things which are Knowland's." Mario Savio was then tormented by Kerr's centurions and crucified by *Time*. (The guilt of the California People will be a controversial topic at the next session of the Ecumenical Council.) Mario will someday return, deliver the faculty and student from the Administration and establish a Community of the Scholars that will last for a thousand years.

The trouble is not that administrations exist. The medieval university had its share of rectors and other chancery types, and they have been active and powerful ever since. Rather the guilt lies with faculty who, like Mr. Presthus, wail to the national press about their plight without making the least concession to their institution as opposed to their national craft guild. Mr. Presthus fails to see the relationship between the faculty "grant-hopping" which he deplores and the lack of faculty interest in the running of the university, which he seems to attribute to collusion and conspiracy. Another problem is a quite un-professional preoccupation with salaries, which Mr. Presthus proposes to satisfy by further tuition increases. If faculty today wrote books of interest to the general reader, balancing their present monographomania and reducing their textbook-grubbing, they could enjoy a comfortable income in royalties while retaining their integrity.

Most important is the potential good that administrations can accomplish by subordinating departmental feudalism to the general concerns of the university community. We need another generation of bold academic statesmen rather than the hierarchy of lackeys and janitors that Mr. Presthus seems to prefer: men who will stand up to faculty particularism and opportunism.

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Reporting the contents of Alexander Werth's *Russia at War 1941-1945* (January 9), Hans Koningsberger writes that the atom bomb ended the warmth in Russian-American relations

> "... by ending Russia's short-lived sense of security, created by her string of victories. Werth thinks that the main reason for its hasty use was precisely that leery Washington wanted to demonstrate to Russia its new power – before Russia's entry into the war with Japan ... which might have given Japan the final push toward surrender. But the Bomb didn't make Stalin more pliable, it made him a paranoiac."

I can recall nothing – in all that has been reported and published about the discussions leading to the decisions to drop the bomb – which supports Werth's contention about the main reason for the decision; nor can anyone else whom I have asked about this. But neither I nor these others have the exhaustive and authoritative knowledge of those discussions that a specialist in the field would have; and I therefore suggest that on this extremely important contention of Werth's you obtain the opinion of such a specialist, who will be able to say whether the contention is supported by the record of the discussions, or whether, as we suspect, it adds one more to the long series of Werth's whitewashings of Stalin's policies and actions in his dispatches from Russia during the forties and fifties – this one showing that it was we who made Stalin a paranoiac.

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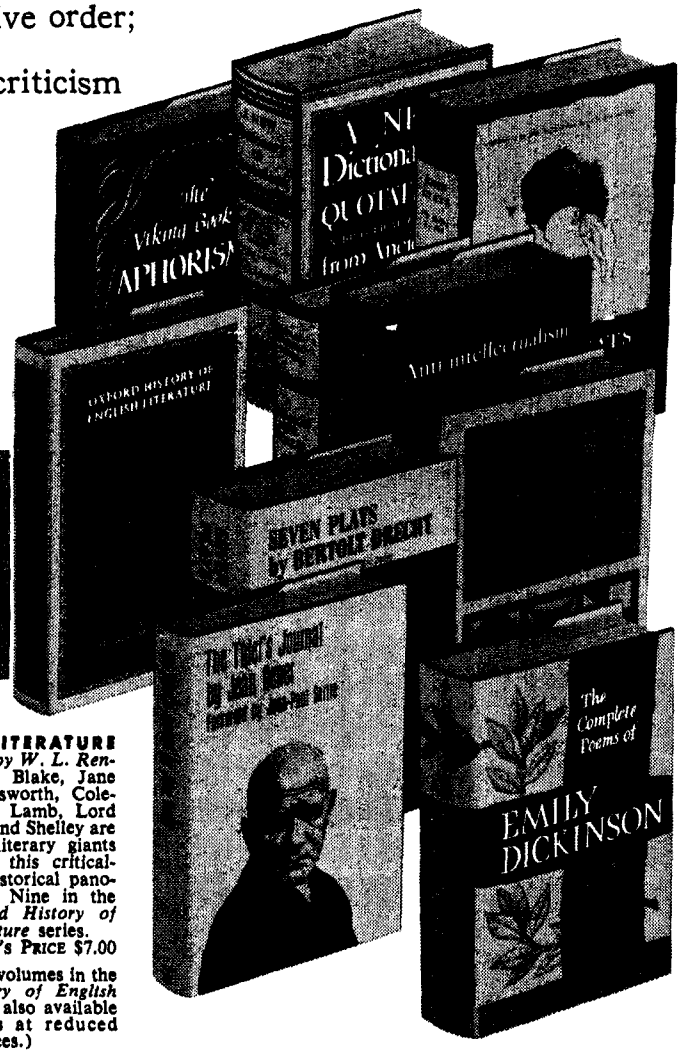

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